

## 10 Reasons I Hate You

by missdarlingdeath

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Summary: Izaya makes a list. A list of reasons why he hates Shizu-chan.

### 10 Reasons I Hate You

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\_ You're unpredictable.\_

Izaya hated how rash the monster was. He never knew when, or where, Shizuo would show up. And if the beast did show up, nine times out of ten he would change Izaya's plans completely, disrupting every calculation and careful precision that Izaya had put into the situations. Sometimes it would make things a bit interesting, but many times it ruined what could have been such beautiful disorder. Maybe if Shizuo knew how long it had taken the information broker to arrange everything he would reconsider messing everything up. Or probably not, seeing as Shizuo hated him just as much as he hated the brute.

\_ You don't realize your own strength.\_

Yes, Shizuo knew he was strong, how could he not? He lived with it every single day. It was the very reason that had sparked Izaya's interest in him, and then it all led to their hatred for each other. It was the very reason Izaya created violent situations around Shizuo. But Izaya could see much farther than that. He could see that it meant so much more than being able to lift heavy things, more than a high pain tolerance and more than a near perfect invincibility. To Izaya, it meant a god-like status. Shizuo had the potential to force humans into submission, and Izaya envied that. Izaya craved the kind of power that Shizuo held. Shizuo was a god amongst the humans, but the blonde wasted his supernatural strength on vending machines and

debt payers. It drove the broker crazy. Imagine all of the entertainment that could happen between his humans if he possessed that power. If only Shizuo applied himself, he could create perfect chaos inside the city, maybe even the world if he magically grew a brain. Alas, Shizuo hated violence. Ironically he used it almost every day of the week.

\_ Your stupid bartender outfit.\_

Izaya hated those stupid pieces of clothing. It was ugly, offending, and came from the debt collectors famous brother. Shizuo was a monster. He wasn't supposed to be fond of something because it was a gift. He wasn't supposed to show care towards anyone or anything. Monsters don't feel the same emotions as his precious humans feel. Monsters don't show love towards family members. Monsters were indifferent towards everyone, only rageful and angry creatures that were made for destruction. Not love. Not endearment. Izaya wanted to rip the clothing to shreds and burn it right in front of them both. Surely, the younger Heiwajima brother wouldn't react at all, with his being almost a monster as well, though Izaya couldn't say that, for he loves all of his humans, and Shizuo's younger brother was in fact a human. Shizuo on the other hand would be filled with rage, and that would give Izaya some small bit of satisfaction. But for some ridiculous reason, Shizuo continued to wear those outfits, even after Izaya had gotten him fired from the job to which they belonged.

\_ You color your hair.\_

Izaya didn't even know the reasoning behind this one, truthfully. One day Shizuo had his natural brown hair, and then the next he was a blonde. Izaya had frowned immediately upon seeing it, because he did not like the change one bit. Instead of showing his displeasure, he began to make jokes about the newly dyed hair. Shizuo further stood out like the freak he was. Maybe all of that dye was another reason the monster had only one brain cell. Stupid protozoan.

\_ You're territorial, like a beast.\_

If Izaya placed even one foot into the city of Ikebukuro, Shizuo would know instantly. It was like he could somehow sense it. How was the information broker supposed to have any fun if he couldn't visit the most interesting people? He would miss out on all of the color gang wars, the headless rider sightings, Saika and so much more. Including Shizuo himself, the "Monster of Ikebukuro." Maybe that's why the city was his. He was the monster that roamed the streets leaving destruction behind. (Mostly thanks to Izaya.) Still, Izaya found it unfair that Shizuo tried to keep him locked in his own city of Shinjuku. He should be able to go where he pleases.

\_ You smoke. A lot.\_

Smoking was disgusting. An awful habit really. And extremely bad for your health obviously. Izaya, who was going to stay twenty-one forever, would never touch one of those nasty things. He hated the smell, the taste, the look. He hated how it became an addiction for whoever chose to try it. He could remember the exact day Shizuo started smoking. It was their last year in high school, the monster had walked by and Izaya immediately could smell the difference. He had teased Shizuo about it, telling him that it would be a shame for such a strong monster to die from something predictable like lung

cancer. Shizuo then crushed the cigarette under his shoe and chased Izaya down the streets for calling him a monster. That action became routine eventually.

\_ You're impulsive. You don't think before you act.\_

Izaya liked to make sure that his own moves were calculated, precise, and organized. Shizuo was the exact opposite of that. He was reckless. He would see something he didn't like and would see red. Shizuo was more of an "act now ask questions later" type of person. Izaya despised that. Recklessness caused unknown danger, and while Izaya was surrounded by danger, he knew how to avoid getting killed. He would stay in the shadows, while Shizuo went head first into gang fights with the possibility of getting shot. Which has happened before. Izaya hated to think about what would happen if one day a bullet actually hit the monster's head. Surely he wouldn't be able to survive that, right?

\_ You wear your heart on your sleeve.\_

Shizuo's emotions were always bare and in the open. His anger was raw and usually on display. But beyond that, Izaya had witnessed Shizuo's love for his brother. He showed compassion for all of his friends. The information broker was disgusted by that. Humans cared for the monster, even accepted him as who he was. And the monster tried to portray those human feelings back to them as well. But Shizuo was his monster. His alone.

\_ I know you wouldn't actually kill me.\_

Shizuo was always yelling about how he would kill the flea, but it had never happened. At the most Izaya was bruised or suffered a broken bone from one too many vending machines. Izaya knew Shizuo was capable of it. That strength was enough to crush his lungs, his esophagus, or to smash his head between both hands. He also knew that if Shizuo did kill him, he would finally be revealed to everyone as the monster he truly is. So why didn't Shizuo use that super strength of his and snap Izaya's neck? Was it another attempt from Shizuo to play human? Izaya couldn't stop himself from thinking of the different possibilities of why. Did Shizuo hold back to maintain his innocent act? Or did he follow some kind of code or morals like most humans in the world? Was it possible that Shizuo was just as human as any other person? No, he may act like a human, but he wasn't like the others. He couldn't be. It would ruin Izaya's reasoning for hating the beast. But if Shizuo were to somehow become more human-like, would Izaya love him along with his many other humans?

\_ I hate you, butâ€¦|\_

Izaya knew he hated Shizuo, but it didn't stop there. Izaya hated that he had fallen in love with the monster he swore to destroy. It was far different from the love he held for his humans, but it was just as strong as his proclaimed hatred. He loved Heiwajima Shizuo. But he would never, could never, admit to that out loud, or even on a piece of paper.

â€¦|\_I hate you less than I did before.\_

End  
file.